

EVENTS OF INTEREST
IN SOCIAL CIRCLES

WOMAN AND THE HOME

Let the Woman's Page Breathe the Woman—Let It Be a Help to Those Who Desire Help; a Comforter to Those Who Need Comforting, and Above all Let It Be a Friend to Every Woman

DOMESTIC HELPS AND
AIDS TO HOUSEWIVES

We observed to the young lady across the way that human nature doesn't change very much after all from century to century and she said indeed it didn't and she had no doubt there were just as reckless and selfish people now as there were in the days when old Caesar fiddled while Rome burned.

George F. Slosson, former billiard champion, filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy in New York.

Isma Kohn, reputed to be one of the wealthiest men on the Pacific coast, died at San Francisco aged 82.

A neatly dressed man, aged 73 years, was sentenced to ten days in the workhouse in Yorkville court, New York, for habitual burglary, after it was shown that he had savings of \$41,000.

As the terms of members of the Hungarian Parliament expire on June 30, the government will introduce a bill at the present session extending the term, by mandate of Parliament, for another year.

FUNERAL DESIGNS AND
BOUQUETS
JOHN RECK & SON

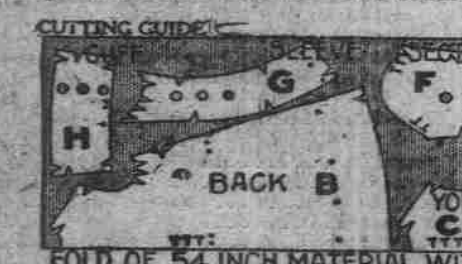
Gary & Practical
Home Dress Making
Lessons

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper
by Pictorial Review

FASHIONABLE TOPCOAT IN CLOTH



Topcoat of covert cloth stitched with straps of its own material. The collar



FOLD OF 54 INCH MATERIAL WITH NAP
Pictorial Review Coat
Suits, 15 cents.

These Home Dressmaking articles are prepared especially for this newspaper from the very latest styles by The Pictorial Review.

SMART COSTUME
FOR STREET OF
DIAGONAL CLOTH

TAILORED GOWN

The smartest costumes for street depend for their style upon their correct lines and not upon their ornamentation. The gown shown here is extremely plain. The skirt is a semi-tunic with buttons and simulated buttonholes upon the front panel. The coat, semi-fitting, has a belt of material passed through slits in the jacket. The revers and collar are of white cloth.

TODAY'S POEM

HYMN.

Go forward, Christ's explorer,
His strength shall make you bold;
Through deadly, torrid jungles
To polar regions cold.
Wherever on this planet
The feet of men have trod,
Your brothers must be followed
With Christ's good news from God.

Go forward, Christ's explorer,
Seek honest men and strong
Who love the ways of honor
And hate the deeds of wrong;
Make them the valiant leaders
Support them in their search
For every hidden weakness
In Nation and in Church.

Go forward, Christ's explorer,
God's love for every age
Is writ in golden letters
Upon the sacred page.
The reverent, fearless scholar
Who comes with open mind
Through God's own Spirit's guidance
The truth divine shall find.

Go forward, Christ's explorer,
Scan well the life within.
Trace each sacred motive
In the heart of man.
Then throw life's gates wide open
To Christ, the Light of Light;
His truth is perfect freedom.
His grace is holy might.

—Rev. F. S. Spalding in The
Crosier.

CORNER FOR COOKS

Tomato Spaghetti.
Cook 1-2 packages spaghetti in boiling salted water twenty minutes, then drain, cover with cold water and drain again. Cut 1-2 pound bacon in dice, fry, skim out bacon, put in one good sized chopped onion, one chopped canned red pepper, and fry golden brown. Add bacon, one can condensed tomato soup and the spaghetti, and season with salt and pepper to taste. Mix and turn into buttered fireproof dish and bake in moderate oven 20 minutes.

Tomato Cream Sauce.
Mix 1 can condensed tomato soup with 1-2 cupful liquid apple jelly, then strain and mix with 1-2 cupful whipped cream, 2 teaspoonfuls tarragon vinegar, 1 teaspoonful chopped capers, 1 slice onion finely chopped, 1 chopped canned red pepper, salt and pepper to taste. Mix and set on ice for hour. Serve with cold salmon or other fish, with cold chicken, turkey, asparagus or artichokes.

Baked Halibut.
Two good sized onions sliced and fried in butter, add half can tomatoes, salt and pepper, and a piece of butter size of an egg. Roll two slices halibut in flour and place in buttered baking pan, then pour over the sauce and bake two hours.

Custard Cream Pie.
Make a custard by pouring three cups scalding milk that has been beaten light with four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Flavor with vanilla and pour into a pie dish lined with puff paste. Bake until set, serve cold.

LAURA JEAN LIBBY'S DAILY TALKS ON
HEART TOPICS

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MISS LIBBEY'S REPLIES
TO YOUR LETTERS

Correct name and address must be given to insure attention, not to print. Use ink. Write short letters, on one side of paper only. Address Miss Libbey, 916 President street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

IF COUSINS WED.

Dear Miss Libbey:—
I am a young man of 24. I am deeply in love with my cousin, an unusually sweet and fair girl, who returns my affection. Would it be right or wrong in your opinion for us to marry?

J. L.
In some states the marriage of first cousins is said to be prohibited; I am not prepared to substantiate this, however. So close a tie of kinship engenders warm affection between those thus related, but whether a love strong enough to endure through long years of wedded life could be counted on is quite another matter. Take at least two years longer to consider the question are proposing. Go among pretty young girls. You do not have to make love to them, but they will help you to decide that there are many other lovely girls who are not your relatives.

NEVER BEEN IN LOVE.

Dear Miss Libbey:—
This is from a girl of 17. I have never been in love. There is a young man who appears to notice me considerably. He has never told me he cares for me. He goes with other girls. Do you think he cares about me?

A. M. N.
At 17 a girl is too young to speculate over love or lovers. It is not wise to form the opinion that the young man is interested particularly in you until you have had admission from his own lips. Men are by no means too bashful to come forward and declare themselves when they meet the one girl who has the right appeal to their heart.

ONE OF LOVE'S PROBLEMS.

Dear Miss Libbey:—
I have come to you for advice. I am a Catholic girl; have been going with a Protestant man for some time. We think very much of each other. His parents object to our courtship on account of his Catholicism. There are no Catholic young men around here. Do you think my religion should interfere with his parents? We go together on the sly or rather whenever we can get away. I love him and no one else. He says he loves me. What shall we do? My parents don't object to our courtship. They said that we should realize our own minds and the step that is coming forward. Do you think I can win him? Do you think his folks ought to be against my religion? Half of his relatives are Catholic now. What should we do—go together on the sly? He comes quite often, but not as often as he should on account of his folks. What should I do? Is it my place to talk to his mother? She doesn't speak to me when she sees me. Thanks for your advice. Is my writing good?

BROKEN-HEARTED LUCILLE.
The question you ask in one of such vital importance to the Catholic should attempt to influence you in deciding this sad love problem. Some hearts thus mated have loved on peacefully, in the information that a divided heart and home is seldom an entirely happy one. In regard to courting on the sly I advise strongly against such a course.

Laura Jean Libbey

Richard Lybikker, the British naturalist, died in London.

Gov. Whitman sent to the State Senate the nomination of George D. Pratt of Glen Cove, N. Y., as a conservation commissioner. He succeeds the three Democratic commissioners who were legislated out of office.

Miss Mildred Powers, aged 19, of Massena, N. Y., was killed when hurled from an automobile when it skidded at Ogdensburg and crashed into a tree. Three other occupants of the auto were slightly injured.

Frank L. Martin, professor of journalism at the University of Missouri, will spend 15 months in Tokyo, Japan, as associate editor of the Tokyo Advertiser, and as lecturer at the University of Tokyo.

M. Millerand, French minister of war, returned to Paris after inspecting the shell and ammunition factories in central France, and reviewing a portion of the 1916 recruit class.

Why Suffer From Sore Feet?
Thousands of people who suffer intense torture from sore feet will welcome the information that a quick, easy, positive remedy is now obtainable. Two spoonfuls of Calocide compound in warm foot bath, soak the feet in this 15 minutes, gently rubbing sore parts. Relief is instant for tired, aching, burning and aching feet, corns and calluses can be peeled right off. Calocide penetrates and removes the cause. Get a twenty-five cent package of Calocide from any drug store and end foot torture. Prepared by Medical Formula, Dayton, O.

If your lover will not come to you openly, proud of being your suitor and acknowledging himself as such, do not let him come at all.
This would be the best test you could put his love to. Make every effort to win your way to his mother's heart. Time and patience can work wonders. Your writing is fairly good.

IF LOVE WONT
COME OUR WAY

"Who shall say where love begins, How its subtle way it wins? Gods, who love the race they frame, Cannot tell whence springs the flame. Man may reason long and well, But can never break the spell."

One of the gravest mistakes the parent of a girl can make is to lead the maid to believe that marriage is the greatest event which can take place in her life; that attracting a young man to marry is her chief duty. Some parents mention love in connection with every word, the tender sentiment altogether, or the moral standard a man should measure up to in order to make a desirable husband.

From the time a girl has her dresses longen to her ankles she is told what to do or what not to do or say or wear lest she may mar her chances of winning a beau. Can it be wondered that such girls grow up with no love in their words, with but one idea uppermost in their minds, the hope and expectancy of getting married.

Very young girls always associate love with wedlock. There would be no marriage without it if they could have their way. They scorn the intimation that they should put forth any endeavors to attract the opposite sex and wait patiently for Cupid to send a Prince charming their way. And life slips quickly and silently away as they dream their rosy dreams and see them slowly fade.

If love does not come their way, such girls become disappointed women by the time they have reached five and twenty. Who is to blame for this state of affairs? (Not the young women for they have but clung to the ideas that were inculcated into their minds), but the parents who should have brought up their girls to realize that each life has its duties which must engross it up to and beyond marriage. Two hearts intended by a Higher Power to mate cannot be brought together by human ingenuity if it clashes with His plan. Such feminine hearts should interest themselves with other matters than hoping, watching and waiting until their hour of love dawns, be it soon or late.

Young girls should be told that it is seldom or never the first man who would a-wooing come who is intended for them. Many may come and go across the checkered paths of their lives while yet true love tarries. Busy lives are well content that it should bide its time. They have not worn their hearts out by useless longing. If every girl had an occupation she would not so much useless time to speculate over "how to catch a beau or attract a marriageable man," which is the query in hundreds of letters from women which come to me, accompanied by the aggravated declaration that no matter how persistently they endeavor to coax the little god love won't come their way. It is generally the women who are hot on the lookout for the guest with the little arrows and bow hidden behind his back who find him knocking at their door. He delights to miss those who with bated, folded hands awaiting his coming. He does not think them deserving of the wonderful offering he has come to bestow.

It has been said, and with much truth, that "Love is a thing of man's life apart." This should also be the case with women. Instead of being the pivot of woman's existence, it should be the greatest of many great achievements in her life. Love is not all there is in life to make it worth while.

Samuel Kosenics was arrested in New York as he was about to board the White Star liner Arabic, charged with stealing in Chicago the money necessary to take him back to Russia to fight for the Czar.

Rates over the Santa Fe and other railroads on news print paper from Galveston, Tex., to Oklahoma City and other Oklahoma points were declared unreasonable by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

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FUNERAL DESIGNS AND
BOUQUETS
JOHN RECK & SON

A FOOL AND HIS
MONEY

BY GEORGE BARR
MCUTCHEON.



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(Continued.)

"What is it, sir?" he asked, at once resuming his status as a servant after a splendid hiatus of five hours or more in which he had enjoyed all of the by-products of equality.

"Peopendyke!" I exclaimed, aghast. "I have just thought of him. The poor devil has been waiting for us three miles up the river since midnight! What do you think of that?"

"No such luck, sir," said he grumpily. "Lack! You hearless rascal! What do you mean by that?"

"I beg pardon, sir. I mean to say he could sit in the boat-house and twiddle his thumbs at the elements, sir. Trust Mr. Peopendyke to keep out of the rain."

"In any event he is still waiting there for us, wet or dry, he and the two big Schmicks." I took a moment for thought. "We must telephone to the castle and have Hawkes send Conrad out with word to them." I looked at my watch. It was twenty minutes past 7. "I suppose no one in the castle went to bed last night. Good Lord! What a score for a farce!"

We retraced our steps to the garage, where Britton went to the telephone. I stood in the doorway of the building staring gloomily, hollow eyed at the well, at nothing, now that I stop to think of it. The manager of the place, an amiable, jocular descendant of Lazarus, approached me.

"Give a story," last night, Mr. Schwarck," he said, rubbing his hands on an oil rag. I gruffly agreed with him in a monosyllable. "But it is lovely today, sir. Heavenly, sir."

"Heavenly?" I gasped. "Ah, but look at the glorious sun!" he cried, waving the oil rag in all directions as he spoke.

The sun! Upon my word, the sun was shining fiercely. I hadn't noticed it before. "Well, I'm dashed!" I said, with a silly grin.

"The moon will shine tonight, Mr. Schwarck," he began insinuatingly. "Smart, if you please," I snapped. "Ah," he sighed, rolling his eyes, "it is time to be in love."

A full minute passed before I grasped the meaning of that soft remark, and then it was too late. He had gone about his business without waiting to see whether my wrath had been turned away. I had been joy riding!

The excitement in Britton's usually imperturbable countenance as he came running up to me from the telephone closet prepared me in a way for the startling news that was to come.

"Has anything serious happened?" I tried, my heart sinking a little lower.

"I had Mr. Peopendyke himself on the wire, sir. What do you think, sir?"

A premonition! "She—she has arrived!" I demanded dully. He nodded. "She's as, sir. Mrs.—your mother, sir, is in your midst."

The proximity of the inquisitive manager explains this extraordinary remark on the part of my valet. We both glared at the manager, and he had the delicacy to move away. "She arrived by a special train at 12 lawet night, sir."

I was speechless. The brilliant sunshine seemed to be turning into somber night before my eyes. Everything was going black.

"She's asleep, he says, and doesn't want to be disturbed till noon, so he says he can't say anything more just now over the telephone because he's afraid of waking 'er." (Britton drops them when excited.)

"He doesn't have to shout so loud that he can be heard on the top floor," said I, still a trifle dazed.

"She 'appens to be sleeping in your bed, sir, he says."

"In my bed? Good heavens, Britton, what's to become of me?"

"Don't take it so hard, sir," he made haste to say. "Blatchford 'as fixed a place for you on the couch in your study, sir. It's all very snug, sir."

"But, Britton," I said in horror, "suppose that I should have come home last night. Don't you see?"

"I daresay she 'ad the door locked, sir," he said.

"By special train," I mumbled. A light broke in upon my reviving intellect. "Why, it was the train that went through at a mile a minute while we were in the coffee house. No wonder we didn't meet her!"

"I shudder to think of what would 'ave 'appened if we had, sir," said he, meaning no doubt to placate me. "Mr. Peopendyke says the countess 'as been up all night worrying about you, sir. She 'as been distracted. She wanted 'im to go out and search for you at 4 o'clock this morning, but he says he assured 'er you'd turn up all right. He says Mrs.—the elderly lady, begging your pardon, sir—thought she was doing for the best when she took a special. She wanted to save us all the trouble she could. He says she was very much distressed by our future

to 'ave some one meet her with a launch when she got here last night, sir. As it was, she didn't reach the castle until nearly 1, and she looked



"She 'appens to be sleeping in your bed, sir, he says."

like a drowned rat when she got there, being hex—exposed to a beastly rain-storm. See what I mean? She went to bed in a dreadful state, he says, but he thinks she'll be more pleasant before the day is over."

I burst into a fit of laughter. "Hurrah!" I shouted exultantly. "Well, by Jove, I don't feel half as bad as I did five minutes ago. Come, let us be off."

We started briskly down the street. My spirits were beginning to rebound. Peopendyke had said that she worried all night about me. She had been distracted! Poor little woman! Still, I was glad to know that she had the grace to sit up and worry instead of going to sleep as she might have done. I was just mean enough to be happy over it.

Peopendyke met us on the town side of the river. He seemed a trifle haggard, I thought. He was not slow on the other hand, to announce in horror-struck tones that I looked like a ghost.

"You must get those wet clothes off at once, Mr. Smart, and go to bed with a hot water bottle and ten grains of quinine. You'll be very ill if you don't. Put a lot more elbow grease into those ears, Max. Get a move on you. Do you want Mr. Smart to die of pneumonia?"

(Continued.)

AN EXAMPLE

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Vests, flannel, cleaned and pressed......35
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